

The Historie of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & coosin *Glendower*, will you sit downe,
And vncl *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Coosin *Percy*, sit good Coosin *Hotspur*,
for by that name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
Cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
poke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
Mothers Cat had but kited, though your selfe had neuer bin
borne.

Glen. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargement strining,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe
Steeple, and most-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men
I doe not beare these crosings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fieldes,

These

Henry the fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*;
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coosen, to command the Diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coosen, to shame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And he be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order rane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:

England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coose, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

F.

And